

# THE CHATTERBOX

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PANBY EDITION

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09

SENIOR NUMBER

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MAY 1909

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LITTLETON COLLEGE

LITTLETON, W. CO.







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### Business Manager’s Notice.

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MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON.

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SEE OUR ADVERTISEMENTS!





MISS NUTT.

To Our Faithful Bible Teacher,  
Honorary Class Member, and Truest Friend,

**Martha E. Nutt,**

whose one year among us meant a glimpse into the highest forms  
of living, direct contact with an ideal type of the true Christ-  
life, an awakening desire within every student of  
Littleton College to follow the steps of the  
Master she served, and to emulate  
the sweet unselfishness of her noble life, this little  
volume is gratefully and lovingly dedicated by  
The Senior Class



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# The Chatterbox.

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VOL. III.

MAY, 1909.

No. 8

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## Literary Department.

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### Adieu to Alma Mater.

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Alma Mater, Blessed Mother,  
Now we pause to say adieu,  
Pause one moment on the threshold  
Of the hazy future new;  
New to us its joys and sorrows,  
Mistywise we see it spread,  
And in this still moment wait we  
For thy blessings on our head.

Alma Mater, blessed mother,  
We are going far away,  
Where the world voice, constant calling,  
Bids us leave thee now for aye;  
Bids us leave thy pathways proven  
For strange paths in vagueness viewed,  
For the life to which thou sendest us  
With thy love and strength endued.

Alma Mater, blessed mother,  
Though we go beyond thy ken  
To the future; calling—calling—  
Lo, we will return again;  
Will come back in thoughts at twilight  
When the westering sunset light  
Soothes the drowsy world to stillness—  
Alma Mater, mine,—good-night!

*My Dear Girls of "Naughty Nine:"*

Such a long troop of memories come to me to-night as I recall each precious face; and why not? Have we not shared together the all-important things of life? Your frequent messages, the cap, and "*muchas cosas*" has kept each face framed in memory's castle; and though many miles lie between, and your friend is in a far-away land of idolatry and superstition, still she is reckoned as a member of your class.

Just a few days and you will be stepping into the ranks of the battle of life. I'm wondering if you have all answered the question of, "What then?" One has said, "'Tis the mind that makes the body rich." It is a needful equipment to be the possessor of a well-trained mind, but this is not enough. A cultivated brain is a dangerous weapon without a well-trained heart! When we shall have passed through all the stages and come face to face with the Christ it will not be what we know, but what we *are*.

Some of you will I trust fit yourselves with a larger preparation. Wonderful opportunities are before you, and I believe in you to that extent that I would like to make it possible for each of you to become University women; but, alas! I am but a poor missionary with many demands and many places for all the coin that comes. There is no excuse for an unsatisfied ambition for all the world recognizes real worth and honest effort. Every right thinking man or woman does homage to-day to the young woman who makes her own opportunities. Many are the personal instances we might relate of women who are filling places of responsibility and trust who earned her University course. It is not that she was brighter, but because she had a *will* to do.

The open doors are before you—what will you do? What is the best? You will have found the right conception of your true value when you realize your powers of attainment. Many



CLASS MASCOT.

## Class of 1909

❖ ❖ ❖



MATTIE BLANCHE HOLT,  
HOLLY SPRINGS, N. C.

"The violet droops its soft and  
bashful brow,  
But from its heart sweet incense  
fills the air:  
So rich within—so pure with-  
out—art thou,  
With modest mein and soul of  
virtue rare."



ESTELLE VIVIAN YARBOROUGH,  
OSGOOD, N. C.

"A woman's strength is most potent  
When robed in gentleness."



SALLIE MARY JORDAN,  
SUNBURY, N. C.

"Beauty—the fading rainbow's  
pride."



LILLIAN BEATRICE ROGERS,  
LITTLETON, N. C.

"Tell me what you like,  
And I'll tell you what you are."



MOLLIE MILLAR STEPHENSON,  
GARYSBURG, N. C.

"Put money in thy purse!"





SUE PAULINE SANDFORD,  
GRANITE FALLS, N. C.  
"Give me health and a day, and I  
will make ridiculous the pomp  
of emperors."



MAUD RUTH SATTERTHWAITE,  
SIDNEY, N. C.  
"Truth requires plain words;  
She rejects all ambiguities and  
reserves."



KATE CLEMENTS MAYNARD,  
HOLLY SPRINGS, N. C.  
"A blithe heart makes a blooming  
visage."



EMMA ELLISON WILCOX,  
NEW BERN, N. C., R. F. D.  
"If she will, she will,  
You may depend on it;  
If she won't, she won't,  
And that's the end on't."



EDITH BRANSON SIMMONS,  
MILLBROOK, N. C.

"Let me have music dying, and I  
seek no more delight."



ELIZABETH BROWN HARRIS,  
POLKTON, N. C.

"When she's angry, she's keen and  
shrewd:  
And tho' she be but little, she's  
fierce."



MARY LOUISE LOWDER,  
KENANSVILLE, N. C.

"Golden friendship is not a com-  
mon thing to be picked up in  
the street."



JULIA RAILY,  
MARGARETTSVILLE, N. C.

"She has been to a great feast of  
the language, and has stolen  
the scraps."



ETHEL LEE CULLENS,  
HARRELLSVILLE, N. C.

"I know not what the truth may  
be,  
I say the tale as 'twas told to  
me."



BESSIE DORA BOONE,  
LUMBERTON, N. C.

"Time, place and action may with  
pain be wrought,  
But genius must be born, and  
never can be taught."



FLOSSIE HASELTINE STEELE,  
MONROE, N. C.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not  
what they mean."



VIRGINIA DORA PITTMAN,  
GRIFTON, N. C.

"Forsooth, a great arithmetician."



SUSIE NELSON FINCH,  
LITTLETON, N. C.  
"She neglects her heart who studies  
her mirror."



EMMA LELA TAYLOR,  
SEABOARD, N. C.  
"O sleep, it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole:  
To Mary queen the praise be given  
She sent the gentle sleep from  
heaven  
That slid into my soul!"



FLORENCE HOPE THOMPSON,  
MACON, N. C.  
Certificate in English.



EDITH BRANSON SIMMONS,  
MILLBROOK, N. C.  
Graduate in Music.



LESSIE VARA STURDIVANT,  
BYNUM, N. C.  
Certificate in English.



CLARA ALBRIGHT BELL,  
LITTLETON, N. C.  
Graduate in Art.



have measured the powers of the world, but how few have ever measured the powers of self. The world recognizes our true measurements by our lifting power. Jesus said, "And I if I be lifted up will draw." But did you ever reckon the long, patient toiling? Unappreciated, despised, rejected; yes, and the nearer we come to Him the more like Him and the less appreciated by the masses; that is to say, from a worldly point of view. Just recently I had an illustration of this brought to me: humanity is likened to a pyramid. At the base you may find room for many people, but the farther you ascend toward the apex the fewer.

Consciousness of power! Who does not want it? Your own little room is the great power-house. That little engine God has planted within your breast, when in perfect response to Him, may move—yea, ennoble another, and another, and another, and another; and you will find that the real enjoyment of life is not in what you have but in what you *are* and *give*.

Christ has a work for each of us to do. He will show us what it is if we want to know. "What He saith unto you do it." I am not asking any one of you to consider the foreign field; you all know this is my chosen sphere; and yet, if it is yours, He will make it known. He has mapped out all the world for His work; He overcomes every difficulty for His worker; you know His voice, for the call is unlike the call of any other. Oh how I covet for you the best things!

" Fear not to build your aeries on the heights,  
Where garden splendors play;  
Knowing that, He will make divinely real,  
The highest forms of your ideals."

Soon you will be scattered and as a class there will be no more letters, but wherever you go I shall still feel a personal interest in each of you. Some of these days when I return to the States and visit "The land of the long-leaf pine" then I

will invite myself around to visit in some of your own little nests and you and "your John" and myself will talk of many things. For your sakes it is comforting to know you do not have to go through years of courting with iron bars between (as in Mexico) for I fear the ranks would swell with bachelor maids. Can you fancy anything more tantalizing than to see "Su Novio" only through bars until three weeks previous to the culmination of all things? But that is not all: after conquering the unconquerable still one must suffer the ordeal of a marriage ceremony twice; first by the civil authorities and then by the church. Customs are very different.

Do you recall what the man from Japan told us last year about the Japs bowing? Well in Mexico we go a step beyond and shake hands. Let us presume the Senorita so and so calls. She must be greeted with a kiss on both cheeks and a hearty hand-shake. Her visit is finished, she rises to go, shake hands; at the door shake again, again at the hall door a final shake. If there are five, ten or more in the room, each one must shake the hand of the senorita. But I must not linger here.

We are undertaking a great work. It is small, but for eternity, and on this basis nothing is really little. We have some promising girls. To rescue a life from the clutches of Romanism means much. You can not appreciate this statement as you see Catholicism in the States, for it is restrained there; but here, girls, it is as truly idolatrous as ever China or India and much harder to reach. Sacred things are made so common. Even the name of Jesus is a common name for boys. Could you have spent last week with me and seen for yourselves you would understand. We visited the churches to see for ourselves; and when the image of Christ was taken from the cross the people shrieked and pushed and knocked and trampled over everything and everybody in the way to kiss the image. One of my co-workers, Nellie O'Beirne, came

out with a broken rib. It is all so in keeping with the times of Amos. (Have you forgotten our study together?) And yet Amos, with a message from the Lord, cried out against the uselessness of ritualism and entreated Israel to "Seek the Lord." Oppression is as truly imposed here as then in Israel. The poor are ignored, a seal is set on the lips of the prudent. Ceremonial cloak is without righteousness, consequently a mockery. Do you remember Amos's address to the self-satisfied rulers? It is applicable here to the clergy of this country. "They put far the evil day"; they live in luxury and self-gratification; their faces show not only the heavy lines of sin but of drunkenness and debauchery. More than once I have seen these supposed leaders scarcely able to stand. My co-laborers have visited the bishop's palace of this place; it is magnificent, but within wines everywhere. I have been told that last year a saloon next door cleared \$7,000 from this palace. In the balcony below in glaring letters we read, *Lottery*. Does this not give you some idea of the state of corruption and the magnitude and importance of our work? We need your prayers. The work is the Lord's. The field is wide, the fallow ground must be broken.

Experience teaches us that whether at home or abroad, there are many hard tasks and our little ships go to pieces if we attempt to follow people and not the Lord. If the Lord wants you for a task at home or abroad answer, for *He is the best paymaster in all the world*. Be sure there is some important work each of us may do.

May your precious lives be worthy monuments to noble womanhood, and may each of you so spend as to gather with every day the riches that shall ennoble your own lives and all those about you.

Faithfully and lovingly,

MARTHA NUTT.

San Luis Potosi, Mexico, April 16, 1909.

**Class Song.**

---

ELIZABETH BROWN HARRISS.

---

Though the voice of pleasure calling  
Murmurs low and sweet ;  
Yet we hasten to our labor  
Anxious to complete.  
Silent prayers of blissful feeling  
Link us though apart,  
On the breath of music stealing  
To each dreaming heart.

Sadness in each heart is creeping,  
Heads are bending low,  
As the thrilling voice of duty  
Sternly bids us go !  
Sadly to our tasks we wander,  
Though the path be rusht,  
But deep in our hearts we ponder  
Why the voice has husht.

Recollections of our childhood,  
Beg our feet to stay,  
But the Unknown in the wildwood,  
Calls "away ! away !"  
Calls "away ! away !"



Miss NUTT.





## Class Prophecy, or the Panorama of Naughty-Nine.

---

BESSIE DORA BOONE, '09.

---

By unwavering determination and untiring perseverance I became possessed of the same scientific knowledge, formerly regarded as the exclusive property of Shakespeare's hero of *The Tempest*. Just how I shared the treasure of art and learning with Prospero involves so many details that it seems best to pass over the process, and begin at once by saying that I never attained an *Ariel* as a mental director. *My* guide almost approached this dainty creature's form, however, owing to the large, spiritual depths of the brown eyes which covered the greater part of her marble face and the bright halo formed by her fair golden hair. The lithe little being, in addition to her familiar personal appearance, possessed traits of character that soon convinced me that the dainty creature was none other than she who always steered the intellectual phases of our natures to the same harbor, Miss Mabel Davidson.

Having reached that stage of development where my entire intellectual being craved an island of enchantment for the furtherance of my higher culture the guide, whom scientists call Imagination, directed my eager footsteps to a deserted island of the West Indies. There was nothing so rare about the place; robbed of offensive mankind, of course, it was somewhat above the ordinary, however. All a-quiver with excitement and expectation, I implored Imagination to instantly reveal to me some wonders. Her impatient, "Ah, that's queer!" as she coldly surveyed my impatient attitude quelled my wild spirits to quietude if not to satisfaction, and I followed as she entered a plain, little cottage building. Inside it appeared cozy and homelike and airy Imagination

leaving me to enjoy the "wee-bit ingle" burning cheerily on the hearth, I settled myself for an evening alone.

Just at this period I recall that I was thinking of the '09 girls and old L. F. C. associations. Where could all my classmates be, I wondered, and in a fit of lonely abstraction I turned for comfort to a sleepy tabby cat curled up in the softest chair in the room. She opened her eyes with a stare of almost human surprise, then let them gently droop again. The peculiarity of this new phase of pussy's eyes attracted me. There was about this contented, luxury-loving tabby a shadow of past recollections that put my brain in a whirl. Never could such eyes belong to any being save—*could* it be? "Meow"—kitty's cry aroused me somewhat, yet its unusually musical cadence accompanied by a gentle purring and confidential nestling under my gentle caresses at once convinced me that this could be no other than our class president—Blanche Holt! Of course I was mad, you say, yet certain gentle feline traits of her girlhood flashed before me in a panoramic view, and I knew that this was no mere vision. A sharp scratch from impatient tabby's well-hidden claws did not alter my opinions, for even our gentle Blanche *could* be aroused.

A soft laugh from Imagination, who it seemed had been hovering over my head the whole time, reminded me that I had come to this island for searching out new truths, so I determined not to be surprised by other phenomena as I followed my leader out into the sunny barnyard beyond. The most noticeable thing here was a fat, contented-looking pig basking in the warm sunlight. Hearing my approach piggie hastily scrambled to its feet and trotted disdainfully away. There was something strangely familiar about that rapid gait, an entire absence of all care and trouble that was somehow suggestive of happy-go-lucky Sue Sandford. As I faced the ani-

mal I observed in the cavity where her brains should have been the name *Willie* branded in purple and gold letters. The effect was startling, it is true, yet convincing for everybody always suspected that Sue had this same friend on the brain.

Laughing loudly at this revelation I turned to behold a royal bird of paradise looking down from the tall branches of a banana tree with her lovely eyes filled with scorn at my indecorous levity. Aye, this creature was beautiful, so far above the other inhabitants of the yard that one could not wonder at the regal airs she proudly assumed. But the attitude was evidently aired only on special occasions, for I noticed a mischievous toss of the bright wings as she looked over her shoulder to nod at the small, black fice beneath, that small bundle of the dog family, who had pricked up a pair of very sharp little ears at my approach. In the pretty, graceful bird I soon detected strong points of resemblance to Sallie Jordan. That much was certain, but how should I account for the nervous frisking and sharp protest of the angry doggie—but the keen bark told its own story, this was undoubtedly the animal form that Elizabeth Harriss would assume! But it *was* too ridiculous for the intellectual Elizabeth to appear thus!

I mused over the horrible metamorphosis a while, then turned for solace to the shady wood near by, where by the rippling waters of a brook I was confronted by a blinking frog. My appreciation of new discoveries was waning and I gathered a stick to push the big-eyed creature from the very rock I wished to occupy. That fixed, abstracted air remained steadfast though and, of course thwarted my purpose. The determined blink together with a few daring feats in leaps and curves underneath the water hinted, if the wide, blue eyes had not already affirmed, that this specimen was no other than our lively Kate Maynard. Another point of evidence was her sudden shrinking from a harmless reptile that crept quietly

up. Kate's horror of snakes has long been recognized as an historical fact, and I saw that she could never become accustomed to Lillian Rogers's *role* as a member of this family.

For myself, I had become so thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of the island that I readily traced a resemblance in the snake's sly advances to Lillian's well-known gliding footsteps. And, too, there were those same small glittering eyes so characteristic of this '09 graduate.

Nor was it a very great surprise to observe Ethel Cullens placidly pecking away at an old tall palm tree in the form of an energetic woodpecker. "It's her exactly!" I had to exclaim, without once remembering how terribly grammatical errors jarred on the keen ears of my guide. Ethel was always a busy girl, and the trait still remained in the bird. It occurred to me for the first time that just as this misjudged woodpecker doubtless had the usual wonderful object in view that perhaps Ethel too had some definite aim in view, and I wondered if her purpose, like that of the bird ended in a treasure for the pursuer.

Farther down the wooded path I spied a sulky porcupine enjoying, or at least enduring, life far away from companions. There was something so pathetic about the small, dejected figure that I stooped to caress it out of sheer pity, when suddenly an angry gleam shot from the dull eyes and the quills ascended to their highest point. It was enough—Emma Wilcox, in her too-sensitive nature had always been a problem to her classmates. Just one stray word of mischievous teasing to this otherwise admirable classmate was enough to arouse those delicate nerves, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

With a desire for being soothed I turned to listen to the hoot of an owl in the distance. Not much promise there, to be sure; but, coming in sight of this wide-awake owl in the dark marsh, it was rather companionable to recognize in the



settled, businesslike expression, our hustling little Business Manager of the CHATTERBOX—Mollie Stephenson. Formerly this expression of all-importance was what I naturally expected from my “shop pal,” but that her wisdom should prove perpetual afforded a very interesting study in psychology.

Engrossed with my own reflections I trod noisily on forgetting that I might intrude until a small, timid hare darted through the thick underbrush. Thinking there might be some new discovery in this innocent creature, I crept quietly after it, where, panting in a hollow log it was concealed. But even in the semi-darkness the shrinking figure stood out clearly and forcibly as Estelle Yarborough. Her constant avoidance of unsuspecting teachers during her college course rose instantly before my mind, and it was clear that having retrograded into the lower forms of life all power of controlling this shyness was gone. While wholly natural, the result was, nevertheless, appalling to contemplate!

A merry chatter overhead, accompanied by a shower of nutshells thrown from a tall tree next attracted me. The saucy toss of the squirrel’s head certainly was Julia Railey’s miniature! There was that same frisky air, together with the ceaseless chatter one invariably expected of the incorrigible Julia in the *days of yore*.

Grasping the full situation of the lives of my noble classmates I hastily ran over our ancient class roll, and coming suddenly to *Miss Stute* fell to wondering if there was any form of bird, reptile or beast that could represent her. What species could presume to approach the brilliance of that mass of gold-red hair which crowned our Flossie’s head? As if in utter defiance to my doubts of such a possibility, what should appear before me but a very bright red fox? Though the resemblance to Flossie was based principally on the animal’s bright hue, yet the very fact that this nocturnal creature

should appear in broad-open daylight merely to prove any desired fact was sufficient proof of the identity.

A new difficulty now presented itself—I had arrived at a very deep and wide stream of water. When I would have turned back Imagination kept suggesting all sorts of improbable means of transportation, so I calmly seated myself on the bank to let her find a way plausible enough to overrule my better judgment. Put on her mettle thus that indomitable perseverance of the little English Professor, asserted itself in the guide, who declared in her firmest tone, “Oh, but it *must* be done!”

And sure enough it was, for a grinning monkey came hurrying to our aid, and with a swing and a bound seen only in Maude Satterthwaite, leaped to a near by tree, giving me that feeling of confidence Maude’s generous proportions and quick ingenuity always inspired. The height—or properly speaking, length—which she once so bitterly deplored now became a means of salvation. Quickly wrapping its tail around a strong tree the monkey leaped over the stream and grasped a tree on the opposite bank with its strong, sinewy paws. After a tedious journey over this novelly improvised bridge, Imagination, without allowing me a moment’s rest, led the way farther up the stream that we might catch a glimpse of a gazelle running swiftly among the trees. The pretty, gentle creature paused one brief instant to gaze at us with tender, beautiful eyes of brown, then moved lightly on. Where had I seen those eyes before? Why they belonged to Mary Lowder of course! What stupidity to mistake their soft depths! The timidity rendered the error excusable, however, for in truth, this could scarcely be regarded as Mary’s distinguishing characteristic. On further reflection I have concluded that she probably assumed this shy air for *effect*, for our Mary could not have been wholly unconscious of the charm by which she entangled so many young victims.

All the while I kept secretly wondering why, in the midst of a tropical forest, no representative animals of such a region should appear. The tall palm, banana and cocoanut trees were very luxuriant and there was lacking only—ah! there was the finishing touch—a tall giraffe gently nibbling its breakfast from the branches of the surrounding trees. The proud curve of the long neck and the backward glance of its eyes were conclusive evidence that I was beholding Susie Finch. No one, without her human experience, could have carried a neck of such length. Her ease and grace filled my heart with pride. Truly the envied classmate, who had always worn the highest collars fashion demanded had received her just reward in this unique kingdom.

Ere this, day was waning and twilight had approached. Recalling a few names still remaining on the class roll I glanced hastily about to discover their sphere. I knew they must be here, for history records in her most ancient annals that the class of '09 lived as a unit, so it was practically certain that if one member had settled on this queer island of enchantment as a favorite abode, the others had followed; for had not I spent years of earnest study for the sole purpose of reaching the spot?

But to resume my narrative. Thinking a rocky cave close at hand might conceal some revelation I entered and began my search. Coming suddenly upon a huge grizzly bear in the dim light, I could not suppress a scream of terror. Urged on by fearless Imagination, however, I gave the sleeping creature a slight shake. But the rhythmic rise and fall of the slumberer's huge sides never ceased. Able now to appreciate the humor of the situation, I became possessed of that indefinable feeling felt when repeating some previous act. And suddenly I could see myself in the human world vainly endeavoring to arouse Emma Taylor from her regular afternoon nap. The

memory of the past fruitless efforts warned me that I might as well give up at once, so I departed from the cave happy in the assurance that one classmate at least was perfectly contented. Emma's friends had always known that her ideal of a happy life was quiet, undisturbed repose.

My exit from the cave was made in the approaching darkness, and, having emerged, I was at a loss as to what course I should next pursue. My distress was shared it seemed, for the pitiful cry of a stray duck, who had doubtless wandered from the barnyard, fell on my sympathizing ears. At least I must comfort it, so I set out in the direction of its cry.

But pretty soon *I* was following duckie. The wanderer had found the path to its own domains and waddled hastily down its narrow windings. This determined pace of the short little figure of which I caught visions, as the moon occasionally shone through the thick tree tops, together with that ceaseless "squack! squack! squacky!" finally brought me to the decision that this was "Squacky" Pittman or, as polite society termed her—Virginia Dare. It was shocking to think that the brightest mathematician in our class should deteriorate into this simple little fowl, yet her unerring instinct was still accurate, for we finally reached our starting point—the barnyard.

Here I seated myself for taking notes on my day's work, for the masterful guide insisted on clear statements of observations now as always. Notebook before me, I was just beginning my work when I remembered that one member of the class had not been observed. Accustomed to regard this as an unpardonable offense I started up in alarm, then paused to listen to the plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will. The strain of this mournful songster had a beautiful touch of pathos—evidently our musical Edith Simmons was grieving over her lot. The very inhabitants of the barnyard paused in their noisy

revels to listen, for even in the senseless jargon of notes it was yet Edith's voice ringing out clear as a bell in the dark silence of the forest. Under the magic of her music even the sylvan beings crowded in and around the barnyard. The brilliant bird of Paradise ceased her graceful posing in the moonlit branches, and the tall giraffe hung her head to listen.

After all this sweet communion so "near to nature's heart" was not bad. My reason and judgment seemed gradually receding and I felt instinctively that this spot above all on earth was the ideal of happiness. The airy, spiritual form of the guide grew faint and dim, yet I felt no fear at the departure of this binding link between the lives of man and beast. Her hold on my life lost its sweetness and became a galling manacle; holding me from the freedom I craved. Without her I might soon acquire the customs and manners of my classmates and once more become a legal member of *Naughty-nine*. Attempting first to imitate the manners of the *queen of beauty* in the treetop above, I at once became the center of attraction owing to Sallie's cries of anger at being so poorly reproduced. The moonlight was brighter than I had known, besides the presidential cat had been watching in the dark, and a panic certainly must have ensued had not dear old Monkey Maude rescued me, and, with a perfunctory bow, made known my identity to her companions, and, at the same time, secured my sure footing in their social circle by giving the information that I was a near relative of hers. On learning that I held the respectable title of ape, even the woodpecker remembered her social duties as destined society leader and hastened down in her usual hurried manner to give me a cordial welcome.

And so, there was immediately instituted a class reunion. In time I became a recognized member of the new sphere, with the full privileges a citizen was entitled to. Though almost perfect in government, there were not really any rigid

laws enforced. The entire constitution was summed up in the president's proclamation memorized by us all during college days,

"Do everything you please, regardless of consequences—but DON'T GET CAUGHT."

Lest some incredulous skeptic should doubt my experience as related here I—being now deprived of human reason and intellect—will repeat to you the song with which my dainty, airy guide took her departure:

" One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can."





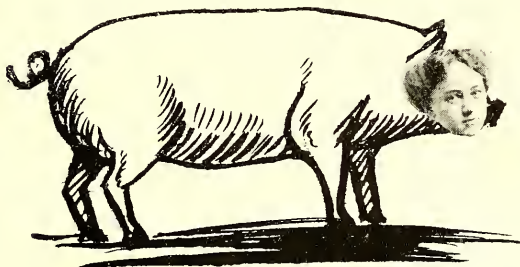
I.

"The dainty creature was Miss Mabel Davidson."



II.

"This could be no other than our class President—Blanche Holt!"



III.

"Somehow suggestive of happy-go-lucky Sue Sandford."



IV.

"In the pretty, graceful bird I soon detected strong points of resemblance to Sallie Jordan."



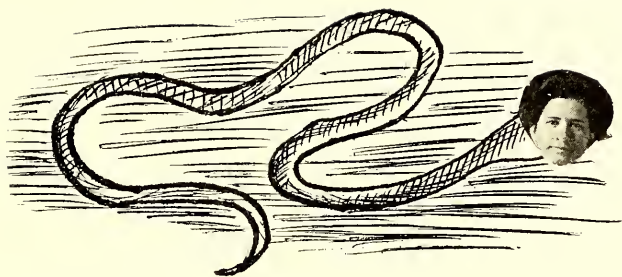
V.

"The keen bark told its own story. This was undoubtedly the animal form Elizabeth Harris would assume!"



VI.

"This specimen was no other than our lively Kate Maynard."



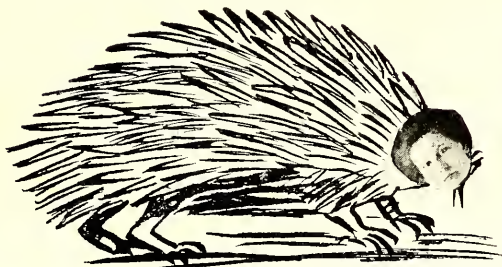
VII.

"I readily traced a resemblance in the snake's sly advances to Lillian's well-known gliding footsteps."



VIII.

"Nor was it a very great surprise to observe Ethel Cullens . . . in the form of an energetic wood-pecker."



IX.

"Emma Wilcox, . . . those delicate nerves, like quills upon the fretful porcupine."



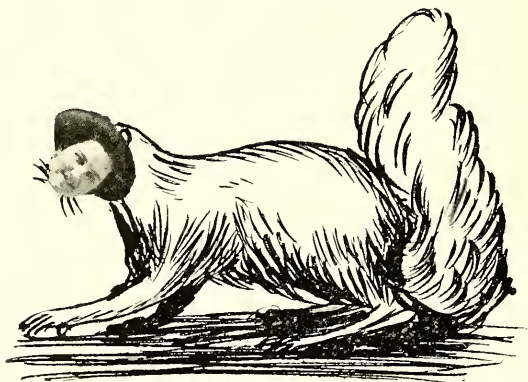
X.

"It was rather companionable to recognize . . . our hustling little Business Manager of the CHATTERBOX—Mollie Stephenson."



XI.

"The shrinking figure stood out clearly and forcibly as Estelle Yarborough."



XII.

"The saucy toss of the squirrel's head certainly was Julia Railey in miniature."



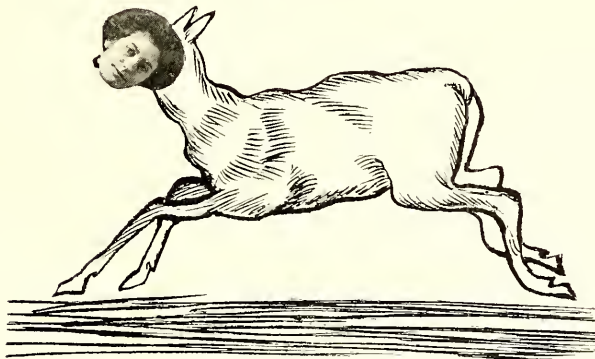
XIII.

"What species could presume to approach the brilliance of that mass of gold-red hair which crowned our Flossie's head?"



XIV.

"A grinning monkey came hurrying to our aid—with a swing and a bound seen only in Maude Satterthwaite."



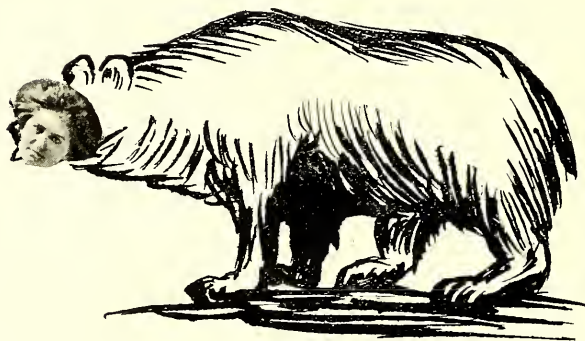
XV.

"Where had I seen those eyes before? Why, they belonged to Mary Lowder, of course."



XVI.

"The proud curve of the long neck and the backward glance of its eyes was conclusive evidence that I was beholding Susie Finch."



XVII.

"I could see myself in the human world vainly endeavoring to arouse Emma Taylor from her regular afternoon nap."





XVIII.

"That ceaseless 'squack! squack! squacky!' finally brought me to the decision that this was Dare Pittman."



XIX.

"Evidently our musical Edith Simmons was grieving over her lot."



XX.

"On learning that I held the respectable title of ape, even the wood-pecker remembered his social duties."

## The "Spoonin" Club

▲ 獎 獎 獎

COLORS:—Moonshine and Soft Blue.

FLOWER:—Tulip (two lips).

MOTTO:—"To love and be loved."



### MEMBERS—FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS.

ELIZABETH HARRIS—Just strolling.

DARE PITTMAN—"Bratting."

SUSIE FINCH—Lovin' Lillian.

EMMA WILCOX—Being silent about those she loves

MAUD SATTERTHWAITE—Skipping her admirers.

SALLIE JORDAN—The spoony-loony chap.

ESTELLE YARBOROUGH—Being sentimental.

ETHEL CULLENS—Talking sweet—botherations.

**Ode to Immortality—From Horace.**

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ESTELLE V. YARBOROUGH, '09.

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A monument more lasting than if bronze  
And loftier than the regal pyramids,  
Lo, I have reared me safe from storm and shock,  
And wind and rain and course of countless years.  
While it shall last, I shall not wholly die,  
But shun oblivion and the darksome grave.  
In fresh laudation of posterity,  
I shall increase while that the silent priest  
Up to the temple wends his daily way—  
The vestal virgin following in his train.  
Where the loud Aufidus resounds, and where  
Parched Daunus rules a rustic people, I  
Of humble birth shall be acknowledged first  
Who put Æolian verse to the soft strains  
Of Italy: O Melopomene,  
With Delphic laurel proudly bind my locks.

### The "Parsons' Kids."

EDITH SIMMONS, '09.

You have often heard it said, of course, that, "preachers' children are always the worst," but you know, too, that there are exceptions to all rules, and *we* are here to prove the exception to this one. There are just, "we four and no more," among the "naughty-niners:" Flossie, brilliant and extremely emotional; Mary, tall, dignified, and never *loud*, as her name might imply; Sue, brimful of mischief and the jolliest of us all; and Edith, who is always getting into trouble. It is exceeding difficult to write a biography of parson's kids, for they are like wandering Arabs, emigrating from one portion of the country to another, never being satisfied to remain in one place longer than four years at the uttermost. We have traveled extensively, and, if we had time, could tell you wonderful stories of our adventures.

We know what it is to be quietly sitting around the fire, not many nights after our arrival at the parsonage on a "new charge," and to hear upon the front porch a noise of many feet and numerous other mysterious sounds as of baskets or boxes carefully placed upon the floor, and upon opening the door to meet a host of strange faces, but they mean no harm, no indeed!—for they are only the neighbors come to "pound the new preacher." You may be sure "the kids" are always upon the scene of action, and what fun it is, after an evening of talk and of getting acquainted, to make for the dining room and the loaded table to see what the folks have brought! There are various and sundry packages of all shapes and sizes, labeled sugar, coffee, flour, rice, etc. And then on the following Sunday when the new preacher is to deliver his first sermon, it is very amusing to listen to the various remarks

## The Parsons' Kids

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FLOWER:—Jack-in-the-pulpit.

SONG:—"Moving Day."

MOTTO:—Prepare to move.

COLORS:—Ministerial Black and Clerical Blue.





made about the preacher's family, and to hear the diversified opinions passed upon us.

Have you ever been to an all-day service during a protracted meeting in the country? Well, if you haven't, you have missed half your life! This is a privilege which "parsons' kids" delight in, judging them all by ourselves. I do not mean to say that the *service* lasts all day, for a *dinner* is always a part of the program. Here we find the inevitable fried chicken and loads of other good things.

It is always a pleasure to have the presiding elder make us a visit, for then so many good things, such as cakes and pies,—yes, and chicken, too,—must be cooked. My first impression of a presiding elder was a man who drinks lots of coffee. This particular divine was dining at our house on one occasion. He already had drunk two cups of coffee (mamma never would let me have but one) when I noticed his eyes very longingly watching the coffee-pot. But I thought he had had enough, and my mother, who was busy talking, did not notice his mute appeals, so after a vain attempt in this manner to attract her attention, he said, very slowly, "Sister Simmons, may I have just thirty drops more coffee?" Of course that meant another cupful and that made *three*.

The most interesting and amusing incidents which fall to the lot of parsons' kids to witness are the runaway marriages. It is no uncommon occurrence for a couple and sometimes two or three at once, to make their way to the parsonage in search of "the preacher." Sometimes a number of their friends come with them to witness the ceremony. It is very fascinating to "the kids" to watch the nervous, excited pair as they stand before the preacher. They are usually calmer after the ceremony is over, especially the bride, who feels then, I suppose, that she is farther from the reach of her

wrathful parents. The groom, if he thinks of a fee at all, which often is not the case, after fidgeting nervously for awhile, calls the preacher to one side and asks him what he "charges." He is told to pay what he thinks it is worth and he usually pays from fifty cents to two dollars for the job. I always feel sorry that the bride is estimated at such small value.

One of our number, when she was very small, thought she would be a preacher like her father, so taking as her church, the pantry; as her audience, her baby sister; and as her pulpit, the flour barrel, she began with all the earnestness of her small being to, "preach like papa." The service was progressing famously and the audience was deeply interested when all at once, the top of the barrel changed its position and the poor little preacher was submerged in its floury depths. Since then she has never felt called to preach.

To prove to you that parsons' kids are subjected to as many temptations as ordinary kids, I will tell you about one time when one of the four went with her father to make a "pastoral call." Whether parsons' kids *yield* to temptation or not is another matter, as you will see. While the good sister of the house was entertaining her guest, the "kid" spied through the window a strawberry patch, and her mouth began to water. She didn't like to ask for any of the tempting fruit, so she tried to keep her eyes away from the window. But the attraction was too great, and so, on a pretense of going for water, she went to the back porch to get a closer look at the berry patch. Before she knew it, she was in the midst of it and almost ready to stoop to pick a berry, when there right in front of her was an old ugly woman with long sleeves reaching over her hands and an old fly bonnet on her head. My! how horrible she looked to our culprit at that moment when she caught sight of her, for it was only for a moment.

Without stopping for a second glance, she flew, terror-stricken to the house. She managed to calm herself before going into the room where her father and his hostess were still busily engaged in conversation, and she did not know until a long time afterward that the terrible old lady who kept her from stealing the strawberry was only a scare-crow placed there to frighten away the birds.

We know from experience that "our lives are not all sunshine," but this applies to others as well as to ourselves, and so we have reached the conclusion that we are well satisfied with our lot and that it is loads of fun to be

"PARSONS' KIDS."

### The Constellation of the "Great Nine."

This Constellation is composed of nineteen stars visible to the naked eye; it is seen in the eastern heavens and is 7.5 light years from the earth.

#### MYTHOLOGICAL HISTORY.

There were on earth nineteen seniors at a certain college. As commencement came on they hated so much to separate that the president of the class appealed to Juno for advice. Juno feeling sorry for them appealed to Jupiter in their favor, who placed them in the eastern heavens in the shape of a nine, where they will remain inseparable forever.

PURPOSE—To throw light on dark places.

#### STARS IN THE CONSTELLATION.

Early Morning Star .....	Rogers	The Jolly Star.....	Maynard
Laughing Star.....	Finch	Sentimental Star .....	Holt
Thoughtful Star.....	Yarborough	The Ruling Star .....	Boone
The Flaming Star .....	Steele	The "Pole" Star.....	Lowder
The Variable Star.....	Wilcox	Star Kindergarten Teacher,	
Star "Dissector" .....	Sandford		Simmons
Star of Independence,		The "Original" Star.....	Cullens
Satterthwaite		The Evening Star .....	Jordan
Star Critic.....	Harris	The Business Star.....	Stephenson
The "Great" Star.....	Taylor	The "Baby" Star .....	Pittman
Star Teaser.....	Railey		

# The Constellation of the Great Nine

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## Distinguished Naught Niners

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THE JOLLIEST.

SUE PAULINE SANDFORD.

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."



THE PRETTIEST.

SALLIE MARY JORDAN.

"If to her lot some human errors  
fall,  
Look on her face and you'll for-  
get them all."



THE WITTIEST.

ELIZABETH BROWN HARRIS.

"Great wits were sure to madness  
e'er allied."



THE MOST POPULAR.

EDITH BRANSON SIMMONS.

"Sweet popularity, glorious popu-  
larity!  
I would not exchange a million  
Nor a billion, nor a trillion,  
For my pop-u-lar-i-ty."



### Glimpses of the Past.

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BLANCHE HOLT, '09.

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As the Greeks of old dared not bury in silence and oblivion the sacred happenings of their earlier days so do we, the class of 1909, not propose to separate our Freshman history and knowledge of the following years by a partition-wall between the things that are lost and those that remain.

Classmates, go with me, for awhile, back to our first year when we were Freshmen—verdant Freshmen. Ah, those were care-free days! Hardly had we organized ourselves in one united band when we began to search our miniature brains for some means by which we could place ourselves in a higher estimate of superiors. At first we experimented with adroit flattery, as modestly as we could, to be sure, but that failed—as do most frivolous devices—so in all determination not to be thwarted in our exalted purpose, we duly planned a special entertainment for the Juniors.

On the sunny, green stretch of campus that sloped out to the front of the main building we promptly met on Monday morning and turned our faces toward the site selected for the occasion. That eventful day gained for us the favor and love of our sisters; what did we care for lost sleep and unprepared lessons? The secret of our success through all these four long, *easy* years was revealed.

\* \* \* \* \*

For perfect friendship it may be said to require natures so rare and costly, so well tempered each to each, and so happily adapted, that very seldom can its satisfaction be realized. Well we didn't seek for anything perfect so early in our career. Then, we had just gotten well acquainted with "the ways of college life" and we tossed our heads like wise



young Solomons. Life was easy; there was no task too great to be undertaken by the sapient Sophomores. Even though we felt the damp of superior airs, *Paratus* was our motto and we marched straight forward to the goal.

As the time of parting drew nigh upon us various suggestions flashed through our minds, but only one for which we spared no activity. That one burdened us—in a pleasant way, however,—because we had kindled strict relations of amity between our lives and the lives of our “big sisters.” And still closer we bound the ties by giving them a reception publicly displaying symbols of love.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the nineteenth of the following September when Good Fortune brought us together again our course of life was changed. We were Juniors—jolly, energetic and with a deeper understanding. We met *then* as duty demanded, each a benefactor, “a shower of stars clothed with thoughts, with deeds, not *yet* with accomplishments.” It was a time of change, as the name implies—a time of self-reliance. On one occasion, the mention of which even now makes every heart beat faster, an occasion when both liberty and power were placed in the hands of the Juniors—Thanksgiving—un-cramped independence was ours and it steadily increased. We were honored with power without responsibilities.

\* \* \* \* \*

But as Time in its rapid flight tests more than tongue can tell, a few faces that belonged to our jolly number when we were Juniors are now missing. And we, dear classmates, are left to close the record. Somehow we are not as bold as we used to be. We have been criticized—sometimes harshly; we have been experimented on—but we are young and able to bear it. If it were possible to live in right relations with

## The Last of the Naughty Girls

\*\*\*



" . . . . . : For in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit."



everybody!—if we could abstain from asking anything of them, from asking their help, or sympathy or pity! could we not deal with a few persons—with one person—after the unwritten statutes, as it were? Could we not pay our school-mates the compliments of truth, of silence, of forbearing? Need we be so eager to meet them? If we are related, we shall meet. It was a tradition of the ancient world that no metamorphosis could hide a god from a god; and there is a Greek verse which runs,

“The gods are to each other not unknown.”

We, worthy classmates, also follow the divine laws of necessity; we gravitate to the Freshmen, the Sophomores, the Juniors and to each other. Now at the last of this scholastic year, as we, the Seniors, shall wend our way out into the unknown future, let us with one note of triumph echo the sentiment of the poet when he said:

“Men rise on stepping stones  
From their dead selves to higher things.”

# The Chatterbox.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF LITTLETON COLLEGE.

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**SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, \$1.00: Single Copy, 50 Cents,**

For sale at Room 150, Music Hall.

Entered as second-class matter, November 20, 1908, at the post-office at Littleton, N. C.,  
under the act of March 3, 1879.

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All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

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## CHATTERBOX STAFF.

BESSIE BOONE, '09. . .	Editor-in-Chief.	MOLLIE STEPHENSON, '09,	Business Manager
VIRGINIA PITTMAN, '09.			
EMMA McCULLEN, '10.		}	Assistant Business Managers.

## Associate Editors:

BLANCHE HOLT, '09.		EMMA WILCOX, '09.	. . . . . Abroad
		MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09,	Among Us
SALLIE JORDAN, '09.	}	ELIZABETH HARRISS, '09 .	Exchanges
	Literary.		
ANNIE GRIGGS, '10.	Y. W. C. A.	MATTIE MOORE, '10.	Joke Editor.

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## Editorial.

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“ Here’s a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And, whatever sky’s above me,  
Here’s a heart for ev’ry fate.”

As each tired Senior reclines in her chair, with a sigh of relief that *our* CHATTERBOX has at last gone to press, a close observer might be able to detect a stronger emotion on the tired face. All around us come the congratulations of friends that our college course is completed. Yes, truly, the strife is over. “To the victor belong the spoils,” and we say without boasting that we have come out “more than conquerors.” And yet, deep in each heart, is that bitter sting of saying farewell. It is hard to leave the associations of our college life, where now the bitter seems sweet, and the sweet seems sweeter.

Readers, in criticising our number, be lenient toward the weaknesses you may find. There may be too much about *ourselves*—we admit our *clannish* dispositions, and, yet, when our CHATTERBOX stands as a memorial of the last union of the “naughty-nines,” who can blame what might otherwise appear as conceit? Never again, as a united band, may the “pansy girls” meet, and is it any wonder that we desire to hold forth the royal purple and the gleaming gold to form the fairest flower that ever bloomed?

Under the strength of our flag, therefore, we shall march out from our beloved Alma Mater with hearts strong for any lot. We have made failures we know, yet these are no longer remembered save by our enemies, whom we now have strength to face with a smile.

In our path through the world, now lying open to us, there will be many times, we trust, when we may pause to look back and encourage those who are following. To the Editorial Staff of our magazine, particularly, we of that number who are relieved of the burdens and responsibilities of this work, would tender our heartiest sympathy and cooperation. There will be discouragements, it is true, yet it is with the utmost faith in your power that we abandon our positions to the new staff. To you belongs the opportunity of moulding our magazine into a form of beauty and power—a lasting monument to your honor and that of our Alma Mater.

## Y. W. C. A.

MARY LOUISE LOWDER, '09.

On Sunday evening, April the fourth, Miss Nina McCall led a very interesting and impressive missionary service. From her talk, we heard of some of the needs of Turkey and its relation to Christianity.

The evening prayer services have been given over to Y. W. C. A. management. We have already enjoyed many interesting and profitable services studying the Parables, lives of important Bible characters, and those who have done much toward the uplifting of Christianity. These services, at the twilight hour, are sweet and refreshing to all who enter into them after the day's school work. The service on the evening of April 30th, was held by Mrs. Richard L. Hale, a graduate of the class of 1889 of this institution. Her subject was *The Touch of the Master* and the talk she gave us was especially sweet and impressive.

On the second Sunday night of April, the Y. W. C. A. service was given to the Devotional Committee, and was led by their chairman, Miss Dollie Edwards. It being Easter-tide, a splendid Easter service was enjoyed. The choir, dressed in white, entered and marched up the two side aisles singing an Easter anthem. All present were allowed to take part in the responsive reading and references on Christ's resurrection. Several readings were enjoyed:

The Raising of Jairus's Daughter.....	Elizabeth B. Harriss
An Easter Beginning .....	Hazel Jackson
Christ is Risen.....	Mamie Massey
Easter in Jerusalem.....	Gertie Bateman

The Easter music rendered by the Y. W. C. A. choir was very much enjoyed.



At the regular Missionary Service held April the 18th, Mr. Rhodes addressed us on *The Individual's Mission*. He spoke of how our lives may be given to our Lord's service at home, and what we may mean to Christianity if our mission, whatever it may be, is carried out according to God's will. This profitable message was an inspiration to the entire attendance.

We enjoyed very much the service of last Sunday evening on *Influence*, led by Miss Cora Womble. Her talk was good indeed and worthy of application.

Much is being done in our Association for the study of missions. Three full classes have been organized, one of which is for the purpose of preparing teachers for this work next year. The subjects taken up are: *Effective Workers in Needy Fields* and *Modern Apostles*.

We are looking forward to the coming of Rev. R. C. Craven of Henderson, N. C., for both pleasure and blessing. He is to visit our Association Sunday, May the 2d, and be with us in the evening's service. Mr. Craven has been with us before and we are sure his visit will be beneficial.

The Social Committee made the morning of May the 1st very bright by presenting the inmates of each room with a bunch of roses. The halls were made fragrant with their perfume and beautiful by the clustered roses around each door knob.

## Among Us.

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MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09.

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—As summer breezes hasten forward, the outdoor air has an appealing fascination for us. We emerge from the walls of our protecting Alma Mater and rove gayly through the inviting shades of the campus, with a feeling that not only does the foliage enlarge and the birds sing brighter, but that we, too, are capable of higher motives, deeper thoughts.

—Miss Mollie Stephenson was pleased to have her friend, Miss Fannie Gay, of Garysburg, N. C., visit her Sunday and Monday last.

—Mr. Dan Berry, of New Bern, visited his sister, Miss Ella Berry, of the College, a few days ago.

—Miss Mattie Moore was glad to see her brother, Mr. L. J. Moore, of Weldon, N. C., Sunday the 25th of April.

—Miss Julia McKerrall received a message by wire April 24th, telling her of her father's death. She left immediately for her home in Hillsboro, N. C.

—Miss Rosa Davis spent a few days at her home, Grove Hill, N. C., recently.

—Byron W. King will lecture in the College Auditorium May 7th.

—Miss Flossie Rackley was glad to see her father, Mr. S. R. Rackley, of Goldsboro, April 10th.

—Mr. and Mrs. Garland Crews, of Rosemary, N. C., were guests at the College recently.

—Misses Gay and Thompson spent a few days at Miss Thompson's home, Macon, N. C., some time ago.

—Misses Helen Moore and Mary Exum spent April 10th-12th at Miss Moore's home, Ridgeway, N. C.

—Miss Euna Weaver visited her parents in Warrenton, N. C., a few days ago.

—Miss Linthicum was delighted to have her aunt, Mrs. J. M. McCain, of Henderson, with her Sunday, April 25th.

—Mrs. Carroway was glad to announce the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Hale, April 24th. Mrs. Hale's visit had been looked forward to with much pleasure for some time by the entire student body, and we welcome her heartily. She is an alumna of this college, and during her extensive tours through the South has created great enthusiasm in literary circles, besides contributing liberally to publications at her former home.

—A gloom was cast over our midst April 21st when we heard of the death of Dr. Willis Alston, Sr. Dr. Alston was College Physician twenty years, and was ever the firm friend and adviser of the institution. He was stricken with paralysis about a year ago, and had suffered much before his death.

—Saturday, April 17th, dawned bright and clear. Laughing faces greeted every one, for all knew that the birthday of a College President should be celebrated, especially by the inmates of the College itself, and that a holiday would necessarily have to be proclaimed. The holiday was doubtless enjoyed by all, but the Senior Class alone reaped the best fruit of the day, for to them President and Mrs. Rhodes extended their hospitality at dinner. The two Senior tables were joined to a third, forming a sort of semi-circle, and the whole company were seated thereat. A delicious dinner consisting of several courses was served, after which Mr. Rhodes made a short address to the Senior Class, to which Miss Blanche Holt responded with a toast, the whole class drinking to the

health of Mr. Rhodes. Dinner being over, the crowd scattered, the Seniors feeling that they had been honored more than they could realize at once.

—The long anticipated Senior picnic to Panacea was realized about three o'clock April 24th, when a wagon rolled up the drive, and the Senior Class seated themselves therein. The most striking characteristic of the scene seemed to have presented itself in their large hats and the rather complicated manner in which the nineteen members of the class took their places in the wagon. Truly the picnic began at their departure for Panacea. On arriving at Panacea, various sorts of amusements were engaged in, some perched upon rocks to catch a glimpse of the scenery, but a greater number directed their steps toward the rippling waters. At six o'clock supper was served on a sloping hillside overlooking the lake in Japanese fashion, green grass and moss being substituted for the Japanese mats. After supper, another stroll over the rustic bridges, and down by the spring to get a last refreshing draught, and the home-coming was started, but not without wistful looks and sighs as we turned away from the scenes of such pleasant associations, feeling that perhaps never again should they have so much fun together.

—Monday, April 26th, the Junior Class seemed to have caught the spirit of adventure, and at about three o'clock were seen assembling around a two-mule wagon preparing for a picnic to Panacea. In describing the scene which they presented it is sufficient to state the *universal maxim*—*Juniors make a show*. How they spent their time can best be understood by those who have visited Panacea, and by those who know the Junior Class, but on their return at half-past seven, all were inclined to believe they had accomplished their purpose, for happy faces and lively tongues were the pleasing result of the occasion.

—The Sophomores entertained the Seniors Saturday evening, May 1st, from seven-thirty to nine-thirty o'clock in the Society Hall. In addition to the Sophomore and Senior Classes, the Sophomore members of the Faculty and Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes were present. This entertainment was, unmistakably, the best in the history of Littleton College, for not only did the Sophomore Class prove their loyalty to the Senior Class, but, also, to their Alma Mater and to their own characters. The main color scheme was purple and gold, and blue and gold, the class colors, while the background decorations were roses and ferns. The entertainment began with a short opening address by the Sophomore Class president, Miss Annie Norwood. Then followed a contest. The most successful participant in the contest received a handsome hand-painted bookmark in class colors, while the most unsuccessful was redeemed by a bottle of mucilage. Misses Best and Davidson presented the prizes with appropriate speeches. Shortly hereafter, a toast of welcome to the Senior Class was delivered by Miss Pauline Vick, which was followed by one from Miss Blanche Holt of the Senior Class. Delicious refreshments were served, and the crowd began to disperse, but not before the Sophomore and Senior Class songs, blended into one, were heard from the lips of the Sophomores, did the Senior Class realize more than ever before what binds the two together. This reception, elegant in form, purely refined in its bearing upon life, and strong in its grasp of the real purpose of social amusements, tests thoroughly the advancement of the Sophomore Class in the elements of genius, deep thinking, and in clear conceptions of high ideals.

## Exchange Department.

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ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

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In looking over the Exchange list we were disappointed at not finding the Exchange Department fuller. Exchange Editors, what's the trouble, is it exams., lack of material or an improper realization of your duty? It is really pathetic the way some editors do, merely acknowledge the receipt of the usual exchanges with no comment at all. Why it is enough to discourage the brave young writers to have their work passed over in silence thus! Several magazines criticized only two or three of the other journals; has it come to be a "survival of the fittest" in the college magazines also? Well, I am afraid that there will have to be a "magazine suicide." But enough of a lecture and let's to our task!

We welcome with open arms and a glad heart the return of the prodigal son, *The Red and White*. It is the magazine that maketh our hearts merry, but, sad to relate, the jokes are almost too much this time, a degree more and they would be unreadable. The articles in this edition are all solid and well worth the reading. We venture to say that a story would relieve the monotony of too much solid reading though. Just strike the "happy medium" between the stern articles and the awful jokes with a good, strong, interesting story and lo! the balance will stand steady.

*The Park School Gazette* next claims our attention. It has a very interesting number this time, taken as a whole, the imagination plays rather loosely, but that is not entirely inexcusable. The jokes are fine and snappy, the verse is rather tiresome, that is some of it at least. The story "Sampson's Grit" is a good story and intensely interesting to—boys! Of



course we admire and appreciate the quality of grit and especially such sticking grit, but baseball grit is more enticing to boys than to girls. Author of "Ambitions to Get Rich," did you really dream that tale with your eyes shut? Confess, weren't they wide open?

*The Pine and Thistle* contains some good articles, but is to be especially commended for its extra departments. They are full, breezy, diversified. A well-rounded magazine is hard to find.

The cover to the *St. Mary's Muse* of the April number is beautiful indeed, stately Easter lilies on a background of brown—simple but strikingly full of meaning. The contents correspond well with the cover, everything breathes of Easter and its meaning. The treatment of "The Holy Grail" is fine, the writer has a thorough knowledge of her subject and handles it accordingly. "An Easter Story," and "The Pope is Dead" are both humorous stories, but very good.

*The University of North Carolina Magazine* is next on our table. If there were but one article in this number and that article were "Three Women," the magazine would be among the best. The story shows three men's conceptions of one woman, they each know her and give a different description of her, yet not knowing that it is the same woman. Character is dealt with here in a charming manner, the character of all four persons is clearly shown with a few words. We would like to read some more from that writer. The verse "I Can't Help Loving You," while it has sentiment in it is not a bit bad, it awakens the finer emotions and makes you read it again. "The Common Ground in Retrospect" is a queer tale of western life, it is a bit hard to understand, but well written. "A Bluff That Was Not Called" is simply a different version of the same tale "Bank Closed," and the way out of it. There are some splendid articles in "Sketches." There is not space to discuss all and we should always be im-

partial. The departments are well arranged and well gotten up.

*The Acorn* from B. U. W. at Raleigh has a splendid publication this issue. The stories are new and interesting and each department is well equipped with just the things that belong to it. "A Story Told by a Clock" is sweet and pathetic, the plot is old but the thought is ever new. When we have finished reading it we look about with reverence and awe, not just sure of our surroundings. "Hannibal as Portrayed by Livy" would be fine were it developed more in full. To quote the writer's own words, "it is a vivid though fragmentary sketch." "The Reason Why" is a story of a house party consisting of six boys, six girls and the chaperone. American Beauty Rose was the forbidden fruit, no girl was to wear one save when it was presented to her by a boy. In due time all wore a rose save one, and she could not understand why she had not been presented with one. At last she found out that the roses had been purchased with a kiss. It is a charming story. "The Slip Sheets" add much to the magazine. "When the Easter Lily Blows" is the story of how a young man was made to believe in the "Easter legend." It is told in a clear manner and is very fine

*The Randolph-Macon Monthly* is up to its usual standard. One story is worth special mention, "The Soul-Song." The story is somewhat unconventional, and entirely new. The plot is excellent and well worked out. There is a dip into science that would astonish an adept.

We are sorry that our usual list of exchanges is short. Our principal numbers are lacking. We acknowledge the above-mentioned with thanks.

# Current Comments

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EMMA WILCOX, '09.

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Life in the United States to-day is vastly different from any era previous to this time. We have come up from the age of material development and are using this age as a means of saving and improving our past achievements. We are now spending public energy in solving the problems of our economic and social life. The old governmental and political problems are being buried or controlled, and to take their places are more inspiring public tasks of various kinds. Such questions as race, equality, and sectionalism are giving place to the modern movements; subjects that increase human service and make for the well-being of our people and nation. The North and South are forgetting their many differences of opinions and views and are now cooperating to make ours a strong and united government power. As a democracy we are becoming stronger in establishing a system of internal improvements and in showing interest and in giving help to other peoples and nations, and, too, we have gained the respect and admiration of foreign powers. With the exception of England, we have the largest and strongest naval power in the world! President Taft comes into office with practically no serious tasks before him, save the same old domestic quarrels of tariff and currency. He is fortunate to live in such a time and the people have wisely and respectfully accepted him as the official leader of this great nation. They believe he feels and knows his responsibility and they are confident of his sympathy and capability. One good editor sums the age up as the second "era of good feeling." It is one of the best times for any citizen to live in, but especially the citizen of the United States.

The "Payne Tariff Bill" has at last emerged from the House with not a few modifications. It originally provided for a general decrease in duties and an increase in revenue, and if President Taft makes good his platform resolutions, and if the Republican party is governed by right motives the bill will pass both houses retaining its important original principles. Not the least of its splendid features is that it is to go into effect the day of its approval, and it is hoped, with little complaint, for the ladies have removed some of their objections since the Senate bill has made a striking decrease in the House results for prices on scented soaps, perfumes, furs, and gloves! Certain measures of the bill are manifestly unjust while others are open to serious criticism, but in general, it may be regarded as a conscientious attempt at the so long talked of "tariff revision."

\* \* \*

"Socialism is the modern movement of the working class to abolish the private ownership in the social means of production and distribution, and to substitute for it a system of industry collectively owned, and commercially managed for the benefit of the whole people," says a worthy leader of the so-called movement. This definition does in no way harmonize with Mr. Roosevelt's discussions of the subject. Being recognized as the most popular personage does not make him the most authoritative and influential, and does not necessitate the following absolutely of his general views. If the movement is based chiefly on the material side of life, as the latter says, there is a sound reason for this principle. Ethical principles alone would be valueless in reforming a society in which the higher classes are engrossed in accumulating wealth, and in which the lower classes are struggling for livelihood. If ethics and socialism could be united in such a way that the one could by moral and individual effort remedy the evils of to-day, and the other could by law encourage and enforce such problems as require this, both reform movements could

help and strengthen each other by cooperating to bring about their purposed end in the political, social, and moral world.

\* \* \*

Woman suffrage as befits a modern movement furnishes space for argument and debating on either side. Its chief advantages lie in the fact that it broadens women's minds, and leads them to take a more intelligent interest in public affairs. It brings their influence to bear on legislation more quickly and with less labor, by the direct method than by the indirect, by improving laws and causing elections of worthy and moral officers. It also opens to women important positions that otherwise would be closed to them, and in a general way it binds the nation and home closer together in moral and religious ties. Its disadvantages seem few only as it touches directly the established sphere of womanhood. As an advocate of woman's rights one could but acknowledge, as a right, her own determined and appropriate sphere, and not to have it determined for her by a lord and master; her right to fair educational advantages and an open door to any well chosen vocation. I agree with Mr. Roosevelt that woman suffrage is more a question of function than equality, and though *his* chosen function for her is a good one, nevertheless it is not necessarily *always* her highest and noblest calling. If a woman feels that life's usefulness is in working directly in governmental affairs why should she be denied this duty? The adoption of woman suffrage in the West has proven successful for many States, and perhaps the strongest disapproval for its advancement in the East is the social prejudice against it; objections being based principally on the habits of a conservative society in which practical affairs are more or less repulsive. Naturally the character of a noble woman seems adverse to the arena of political strife, and the character loses its very qualities and capabilities, which if exercised indirectly, would produce the purpose of its life, and cause women largely to rule the world.

# Have You Heard the Latest?

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

---

## Jokes.

---

KATE MAYNARD, JULIA RAILEY, SUE SANDFORD, '09.

---

In apology:

There was a little girl, who had a little joke,  
That twinkled right out from her forehead,  
And when she was begged this dreadful little poke  
Revealed some humor that was utterly horrid.

\* \* \*

C. S.: Miss Pulliam, will you please tell me how to unlock this—pointing to a volume of Nelson's Encyclopedia.

Miss P.: What?

C. S.: Why I want to find out something about Russia and I don't understand how to unlock it.

\* \* \*

Freshman: I want a room on the front side of the college so I can see when the world comes to an end.

\* \* \*

It was significant for Miss Pulliam when examining our new loose leaf encyclopedia to turn immediately to "Romance"—*she* said, "because my classes are studying Roman history."

\* \* \*

Mattie Ruffin (a Soph.) received a letter from her two sisters who had just bought their new spring hats. One said, "I have a beautiful hat, new shape, trimmed with cherries and grapes." The other—"I also have a new hat covered with pears and peaches." Mattie wrote to her father—



"Please, for gracious sakes," pa, "save me a watermelon for mine."

\* \* \*

After sending out invitations to the banquet Miss Elizabeth Harriss finds there are "many men of many minds."

\* \* \*

Visitor at College: How quiet the building is now! How can it be when there are so many people in it?

Mrs. Rhodes: Oh! the "jolly Juniors" are off on a picnic to-day.

\* \* \*

A wise Sophomore in giving the legend of Rome's founding tells that "Romulus and Remus were thrown into the river Tiber to be drowned, but the river dried up and they were left on dry land."

\* \* \*

Miss B. Holt's friends are wondering if she will be able to undergo the pressure of such violent exercise on the campus until Graduating day. We hope that Bertha, Lill, Pauline and the voice teacher will, in the future, be more considerate and not walk as violently as they love.

\* \* \*

The thanks of the college family are due Mr. Newsom for so vigilantly regulating the college clock. Time does seem to go too fast under some circumstances, doesn't it?

\* \* \*

Wanted: to know if a pair of rude gaiters will suit B. Boone instead of *roller skaters*.

\* \* \*

Wanted: to know if the people of Paul's time had consciences—Ethel Cullens.

\* \* \*

Wanted: to know why Miss Elizabeth Harriss took a towel on "Trig" examination.

Wanted: to know if Mr. Rhodes has any more charcoal tablets—Seniors.

\* \* \*

Wanted: to know if Bessie Boone succeeded in getting her picture without the silly smile.

\* \* \*

Wanted: to know why Miss Julia Railey does not like the original words "Ra! Ra! Carolina," but insists upon changing the song to "Ra! Ra! Be Merry, Merry."

\* \* \*

Wanted to know if Sallie Jordan will take her bathing suit on the next picnic to Panacea, or does she prefer her shirt-waist suit and later Mr. J.'s overcoat.

\* \* \*

Wanted to know why Miss Pulliam spells all kinds of bows as if they were *beaux*.

\* \* \*

Wanted to know if Misses Simmons and Lowder have yet come to the conclusion that "chumming" with "brats" is lowering the dignity of the Senior Class.

\* \* \*

Miss Kate Maynard, when inviting guests to the banquet, in order to save herself time, paper and stamps added a post-script in this wise: "If you do not care to come please send it on to the next one one and keep it a profound secret"—we hear that she has not yet reached the end of her chain.

\* \* \*

Miss Brice: "What is a regular verb?"

Frances Drewry: "One that *goes all* the time.

\* \* \*

King Carlos, in Victor Hugo's "Hernani" inspired Estelle Yarborough with the desire to be *somebody's* collar.

Rumor has the report that the cause of Flossie Steele's frequent attacks of hysteria is a former love affair.

\* \* \*

!! NOTICE FOR COMMENCEMENT !!

Grandmother Wilcox will become a girl again! (her long-neglected rat is to resume its former position as a crown.)

\* \* \*

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,  
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,  
So I turn the leaves of humor till, in cartoon design,  
I mar the brilliant intellect of the class of naughty-nine.

(Signed) JOKE COMMITTEE.

## COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

---

### Class 1909

Blanche Holt.....President  
 Sallie Jordan.....Vice-President  
 Virginia Pittman.....Secretary  
 Maud Satterthwaite.....Treasurer  
 Bessie Boone.....Historian  
 Elizabeth Harriss.....Poet

### Class 1910

Mollie Mitchell.....President  
 Emma McCullen.....Vice-President  
 Boyd Thorne.....Secretary  
 Mattie Moore.....Treasurer  
 Fannie Rives Vinson.....Poet  
 Ruth Nicholson.....Historian

### Class 1911

Annie Norwood.....President  
 Lula Frances McCall.....Vice-President  
 Willietta Evans.....Secretary  
 Cora Womble.....Treasurer  
 Polly Gibson.....Poet-Historian

### Class 1912

Ethel Spivey.....President  
 Bertha Joyner.....Vice-President  
 Helen Moore.....Secretary  
 Allene Breedlove.....Treasurer  
 Lola Massey.....Poet-Historian

### Business Class

Gladys Boykin.....President  
 Mabel Robinson.....Vice-President  
 Margaret Hardy.....Secretary  
 Addie Warrick.....Treasurer

### Hyperion Literary Society

Blanche Holt.....President  
 Maude Satterthwaite.....1st V.-President  
 Mary Forbes.....2d V.-President  
 Bessie Boone.....Recording Secretary  
 Kate Maynard.....Corresponding Sec.  
 Nettie Culbreth.....Treasurer

### Eunomian Literary Society

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 Emma McCullen.....1st V.-President  
 Frances Abernethy.....2nd V.-President  
 Mattie Moore.....Secretary  
 Pauline Vick.....Corresponding Sec.  
 Julia Railey.....Treasurer

### Athletic Association

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 Annie Norwood.....1st Vice-President  
 Mattie Ruffin.....2d Vice-President  
 Dolly Edwards.....3d Vice-President  
 Nina McCall.....Secretary  
 Pauline Vick.....Treasurer

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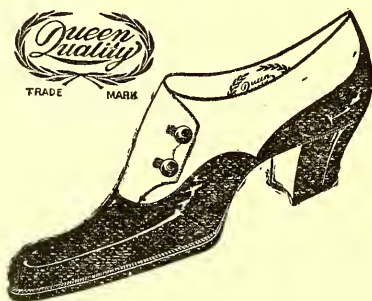
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